



Mount Taraghs Triumph. 5. Iuly. 1626.

To the tune of the *Careere*.

King Charles be thou blest, with peace and with rest;
who caus'd this assembly hither.
Welcome pee Peeres, pee Earles of our Shires,
pee Viscounts, and Barons together.
Taragh the Mount, his toyes doth account,
being great'd with your gratefull presents.
Nobles then all, at Falkland his call,
to Charles see you giue your obeysance.

Knights of great merits, generous of spirits,
to Taragh ye are welcome this day:
Squiers, and gentrie, the foire of our Countrie,
to march on in battle array:
Spirits of great worth, from the South to the North,
whose hearts doe to honoz aspire,
To stand with renowne, for Charles and his Crowne,
is your onely delight, and desire.

The Squadrons appeere, the Troupes they Casere,
from the foote of the Hill, to the top:
With foire (like a flood, being mainely withstood)
their courage endureth no stop.
King Charles to the Troupes, the hill of Taragh stoupen
that long a Royall Mansion hath bene:
With Echoes in the Skies, it shouts and it cries,
long life to King Charles and his Queene.

What can your foes, expect but your blottes,
and the foire of your conquering hands:
If they be bent, to take their euent,
to approach to your Heats, or your lands:

Backs you will send them, or altogether end them:
for the heavens and your right will uphold you:
Captaines whp them, coms marshall your men,
as if Mars, or King Charles did behold you.

Falkland behold, this Arme most bold,
most constant, and loyall of hearts;
To make up their Foires, or to maintaine their Portes,
prepar'd to perforce their parts:
With hearts they doe showe such homage as they owe,
and straight at a call doe attend:
King Charles his Pavillion against an arm'd Spillan
of foes, they will stoutly defend.

The Median-foyle, impatient of the foyle,
is the heart of our native land;
Mount Taragh of fame is the heart of the same
whereon this Royall arme doth stand:
That heart, of her heart, with every other part,
faire Ireland presents to her King,
With Trumpets and Drums (not fearing for that comes)
King Charles his triumph let vs sing.

See Gentlemen, and Squiers, pee Knights of the Shires,
your service with courage maintaine:
In every degree let noble Falkland see
that your hearts, with your Prince doe remaine:
Then will he relate unto the King and State,
that Ireland byreds subjects most loyall,
See Barons, Viscounts, Earles, giue thanks to King Charles,
who caus'd this assembly most capall.

¶ I R I A.



God saue the King.